

or bits and scraps of silk or ribbons in them near the edge and threading appear to be the most valuable assets narrow ribbon through it. Place a of those who love to do fancy workand almost every woman delights in making pretty things. The uses that the ingenious find for the odds and ends of ellk and velvet that accumulate in the scrap bag, make a scrap bag a regular treasure. There is a long list of fascinating trinkets and belongings that spring from this unpretentious source, most of them personal things dear to dainty women.

Gold lace, gold net, lingerie lace, made silk flowers and fruits are the elegancies that join forces with silken stuffs to fashion all these trinkets and perfumed powders scent many of

Starting out with the simplest and smallest, there are little sachet bags, two or three inches square, made of bright colored ribbon and filled with cotton scented with sachet powder. A half dozen of these little bags, each plu trays, bon-bon boxes and picture having a tiny gilt safety pin in its frames, all are covered with slik and edge, are tied together in a package decked out with laces and braids. with a narrow ribbon. They may be Then there are the needle and scissor pinned in the dress or placed in glove, cases and all the company of work handkerchief or veil boxes or with bags that prove a joy forever to their stationery, pervading everything with owners, together with jewel and powa delicate odor. Or the bags may be cut heart shaped, pinned in a row to ton or of silk floss and lined with silk. the edge of a narrow ribbon and The coat hanger finishes the list of perplaced in a little box to be used as desired.

made by sewing two plaques six inches the home.

Endless ingenuity and small-pieces in diameter together, running a casing cake of compact powder the size of a silver half dollar and a little powder puff in the bag also to make it complete.

> Little ribbon or silk roses, flowers and fruit are used on so many of the things made of silk that one must learn how to make them among the first things. They are used in finishing touches in all sorts of boxes and tollet belongings-glove, handkerchief and powder boxes, talcum powder and tollet water bottles, pin cushions, comb case and all the requisites of the tollet table. These are covered with silk bound with gold braid or lace often having little frills of lingerie lace and the little flowers finally added

Candle shades and candle shields, small screens for telephones and other things, innumerable pin cushions and der bags crocheted of mercerized cotsonal belongings, but it does not cover all the uses for pieces of silk. Very small powder puff bags are which include many furnishings for

Fine Cottons in Spring Clothes



For some time cheerful and reassur- | sleeves. A plain, full waist is finished fing rumors have been floating about, with a fichu of the organdy, edged like soft, spring breezes, that there is to be a return to fine, sheer cottons for blouses and dresses next spring. pletes a frock that calls for nothing This is more than a rumor now, since but organdy in its makeup. these lovely materials are demanded by people who are flocking South in actly the same character as the dress, greater numbers than ever and at much but it allows itself decorations in anearlier dates than heretofore to those gorn yarn embroidery. This combinawinter resorts that are filled with tion of the sheerest of cottons with smartly-dressed people. For them very the woollest of yarns would be starfine voile blouses, mostly in all white thing if one had not been educated and made by hand, are already an as- up to it by the same idea worked out sured success. Organdy proves popular in silk and angora, both taffeta and lar in headwear, accessories and crepe-de-chine having proved that frocks, many resort hats featuring it beautiful effects are wrought by it. both in the body of the hat and in the

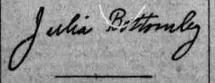
return of simple dresses and blouses, beautifully made and adorned with old- are planning their blouses of sheer cottime hand stitchery. There is a re- tons for next summer and making up finement about them not exceeded by even the sheerest silk weaves, and the dren so that more time may be spent crispness of organdy makes possible certain effects in trimming that cannot be duplicated by other materials. It is manufactured in all the light chades as well as white, and these are used alone and in combination with

In the picture above there is an example of what can be done with organdy in frock and hat. It is a sim-ple dress with plain skirt shaped to narrow a little from the middle of the cially becoming to the childish face, figure to the hem. Narrow frills accent its lines. There is a repetition of esting surface for trimming of flowers this trimming idea on the rather full and ribbons.

with three flounces, and a long sash with vertical frills at the bottom com-

The pretty hat to match is of ex-

In January the stores all over the country present their first displays of All gentlewomen will welcome the new cotton goods for spring. Already women who are clever with the needle things for themselves and their chilout-of-doors when spring is here.



Little Girls' Styles,

What a Man Did

By WILL T. AMES

(@. 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) This is a story out of life-out of the life that is lived; that has its tragedy as well as its sunshine; that comes to the happy ending or to the sorrowful one as the case may be, and not as the narrator wills. If it is not just the kind of story you would wish it to be search through ancestries, analyze prenatal influences and place the blame where it belongs. Do not blame me.

June Phillips was the daughter of her mother, and she of her mother; and the mother's mother the daughter of still another like mother, And down that line of motherhood had run a streak of lightsomeness, and no strain of eager willingness.

Easy, smiling, gay was June, beautiful with the beauty of great tawny eyes, dark lashes and hair with the glint of mellow sunlight in it. She was soft and warm and pouting. Endowed at once with the lavish lure of womanhood and with the pink and creamy freshness of her scant seventeen years, she drove John Halliday half mad.

John was twenty-three and might have been ten years more than that, by the settled, strong way of him. Instead of school he had chosen to take his education from an architect, after sixteen. Already he was a finished draughtsman and on his way to a place in his profession, under Holly, his watchful employer.

To June fluttering breathlessly on the margin of a never ending millennium of grown-up "good times," the attentions of the responsible, wellgroomed young architect combined the virtues of a continual social triumph with limitless opportunity; for John delighted to take the girl about. A year of this and then, because John was insistent and the girl was the daughter of that particular race of mothers and possessed keen instinct for the easy road to easy circumstances, they were married.

Two years later John Halliday, knew, in the lottery that is marriage, what sort of prize he had drawn. What depth of stormy petulence hid beneath the winsome pouting, he could have told; but did not.

What greed for admiration, what impish thirst to dabble in the shallows along the shores of the sea of passion, what eternal restlessness and hunger for excitement lay behind the tawny eyes had been revealed to him in long months of disillusionment. But he was strong, and as patient as he was strong, and he bore with many

Then, coming home after a two weeks' business trip, he found her gone. She had left, the maid said, structing the girl to remain and keep the house going till Mr. Halliday's return.

John maintained the home until his lease expired, then sold the effects to a new tenant and went to live at a hotel. There were no bables. "God. I thank you," said John, "for that."

When John Halliday was thirtythree his professional opportunity came. It took him to a great city and to a profitable partnership. Still young, enjoying reputation and established position, his earnings well in excess of his needs, life held much of promise for him.

Then it was that, walking home for exercise through a sparkling avenue in the orange sunshine of a late October afternoon, he met her-squarely face to face.

A single glance was sufficient to verify the conclusion John Halliday long ago had arrived at concerning his wife. Everything about her-in the character of her clothes, in the manner of her coiffure, in the degree in which she had insulted with pigment the God-given splendor of her eyes and skin, in her carriage, in the way she held her head-was the mark of the woman who has traded herself for the thing she calls "life;" and who is satisfied with the transaction and has no regrets.

She was quite unabashed. "Hello, John," she remarked, easily and with her ever ready smile, "Have you come to life enough to visit the city? You're looking so prosperous!"

"So, if I may say so," replied John, "are you."

"Oh, I'm having a perfectly lovely time. There's no place like the big town, you know. You'll like it if you ever come here to live." "I live here now."

"Really! Well, you might come and see me some time-if you'll telephone ahead. The name is Spencer-Miss Spencer; Selkirk apartments Fifty-first street. Now I must run along-Good-by!"

With that she was gone; and John Halliday, unshaken, master of his own nerves, proceeded on his way. Unconvincing? Improbable? I think so myself. But, remember, I told you this was a story from real life.

It was a full week after this that John was walking home again, had almost reached his own street, when there was a commotion of fire apparatus and a crowd running toward where the whole front of an apartment house on the cross street was belching smoke and curious black-red

the main entrance and John saw the name "Selkirk." Something leaped up into his throat. Then at a window only a few floors up, John caught a glimpse of a face of the girl to whom, ten years ago, he had given all that a strong man can give-the whole of his heart.

There were ladders, of course, many of them, but there were many, many windows; the firemen were doing yeomen service, battling frantically and skillfully to save life-but there were so very many lives to save. There were ropes and a cordon of police.

Through these John Halliday tore and beat his way; into the burning building he struggled, leaving his coat in the hands of a detaining fireman. Past the useless, motionless elevators, through the blinding, stifling black smoke to the slippery stone stairs; up and up and up and up, gasping, tearing short intakes of air out of the solid smoke with whistling lungs; guessing with an architect's shrewd guess at the right door and hurling himself against it until it ripped from the hinges, John Halliday staggered across the room to where a film of belated daylight, shining wanly through the smudge, showed the window to be.

She was there; choking, gasping, her tawny eyes filled with such horror as only the eyes of such as she can know, the pigments making ghastly caricature of her white face,

It was a bad building, built in the bad days of jerry construction, its vaunted fireproofing a grisly joke. It was going under them. The floor of the room was burning through. In a matter of seconds the end would come.

"June! June, dear! It is I, John. I have come to be with you June, at the end. You won't have to face it, girl, alone!"

And as he took her in his arms there was a great, awful rending sound-clouds of burning brands rushed roaring out of the white holes where the windows had been, and out in the street the heartsick multitude sobbed in the presence of a holocaust.

How could any one know what impulse took John Halliday to his wife's side there in the valley of the shadow? Again I must answer. This is a story of life. And I knew the man.

CLIPPED LOCKS CALLED FOR

Present Day Emphatically No Time for Anything Approaching Effeminancy in the Male,

A British brigadier general and for mer Etonian was recently invited to visit his old school and inspect the officers' training camp that institution for infants and children, and see that it officers' training camp that institution maintains. The officer was delighted with the bearing of the 600 and more Signature of Cast Hillithis. young officers of the future and praised them till their necks grew pink with suppressed pride, but-in concluding his remarks the general spoiled it all by the direst of criticisms-"Their hair was too long!"

It was wrong, he said, for a Briton a number of the college boxers in setthem appeared in the ring with long freight for the railroads to handle. locks neatly plastered back from noble brows. After the first round, however, the spectacle was different, since the boys looked out as well as possible up from third to second place in the through a smoke barrage of dank, list of coal-exporting countries of the stringy locks that cut off their own world and British newspaper opinion view but did not in the least hinder the enemy's attack. "Cut 'em short, coming the world's permanent chief boys!" was his injunction.

Regardless of peace assurances from the League of Nations, Britain is determined not to sink back into military unpreparedness, and if the general's criticism may be taken in a wider sense the entire island must keep its locks close trimmed and not again be rated from Greenland by Baffin bay. blinded by vanity and self-satisfaction On the mainland there are 2,209, princito what is going on in neighboring countries.

Long hair may be esthetic and may prove attractive to the opposite sex through contrast, since the ladies themselves are going in for short hair and self-determination, but the time for luxury and long male locks has not yet come, even if there has been a momentary let-down of masculine morale following the cessation of actual hostilities.

We have seen as yet no symptoms of longhairedness among our own American youth, and trust we may not do so, especially since, although it is definitely over over there, it is by no means done on this side of the Atlantic. The readjustment, unless all signs fail, is going to require quite as clear and close-cropped polls as did

the conquest of the Hun. On the other hand, it must be re membered that longhairedness is emblematic of anarchy and bolshevism and of those visionaries who out of their fringed locks see society as through a glass, darkly. Therefore it is doubly necessary for our young manhood to give its eyesight free play, safe upon the one side from the sleek tresses of the effete and upon the other from the matted mane of the murder lovers.-New Orleans Times Picayune.

Oyster Shell Roads. Two great oyster reefs in the Gulf of Mexico, one at Sabine, Tex., the other at the mouth of the Atchafalays river on Point au Fer, La., are to be used for surfacing good roads. The reefs are valued at \$65,000,000. :1 Galveston man has been awarded of shells from the Point au Fer reef John followed the crowd, A swiri for use on the roads in that section of wind blew the smoke away from of Louisians.



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J. L. Nichols & Co., of Lake City, Ark. writes: We have used B. A. THOMAS' REMEDIES for the past fifteen years, and do not hesitate to say they do all they claim.

OLD KENTUCKY MANUFACTURING CO., Victor Hugo's Work as Artist.
Victor Hugo as a draftsman has not | COLD ON CHEST hitherto been known to the world. But the time has come, owing to an enterprising editor, when the admirers of Hugo as a poet, novelist, and writer of plays will have an opportunity of enjoying him as an expert with the

pencil. Two large collections of the Victor Hugo drawings are announced as appearing in album form, and already there are clamors for everything the master ever did with his pencil. It is to be expected that the drawings

Why Your Watch is Fast.

on many of the novels and poems.

will throw some interesting sidelights

Continual alteration of the regulator of your watch will not insure regular time-keeping unless you avoid jolting. Very often a watch gains time simply because the wearer unconsciously jumps or jerks while walking. This results in an extra coll of the hairspring getting between the two pins of the regulator. It replaces itself by another sudden movement of the body and returns to normal timekeeping.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy

In Use for Over JO Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Paper Saving Urged. Save the paper, says the American

Forestry Magazine of Washington, which urges a paper-saving campaign to allow his hair to grow so long that in the schools and that business write the day after his departure, only in- he could not see to fight. General the carbon of replies on the back of Corkern-that was his name-then the letter received wherever possible, went into detail and said he had seen thus cutting filing and paper bills. A cut of 25 per cent in our paper bill tos the previous evening and many of would mean 6,000,000 less tons of

> United States In Second Place. The United States has now moved seems to contemplate America's becoal exporter.

> > Eskimos in Canada.

The Eskimos living within the limits of Canada number 3,296, of whom 1,087 live in Baffin Land, the large arctic island north of Hudson bay and sepapally in the territory adjacent to Hudson bay.

"Cold in the Head"
is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the System, cleanse the Blood and render them less liable to colds, Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh.

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\$100.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. "Cold in the Head"

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Plants That Cause Annoyance.

Quite a number of plants are possessed of short hairs on their stems or leaves, which will cause a rash to break out upon sensitive skins. One such is the primula obconica, which is one of the commonest pot plants in greenhouse or on window sill. Many who work in conservatories or glass houses often find that hyacinths cause severe eye trouble. The idea is that the pollen is the irritating cause,-Boys' Life.

Tub Bungalow. Tradition often gets things twisted. Diogenes, the famous Greek philosopher, didn't live in a tub at all. He dwelt in a pithos, which is a huge earthen jar. Because they were so often made of wood, histories have called them tubs; but they were as large as an ordinary hogshead.-Boston Post.

Largest Painting. Of all the large canvases by the famous masters the picture "Paradise," by Tintoretto, is the largest. It is 84 contract to remove 1,000,000 cubic feet feet wide, 331/2 feet high, and is now in the doge's palace, Venice, where it is scrupulously guarded as one of the world's greatest treasures.

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You Get Action with Mustarine-If Drives Out Pain in Half the Time it Takes other Remedies - It's the Quickest Pain Killer on Earth.

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matic pains and reduce swollen joints.

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NR Tonight Tomorrow Alright





Melba's Great Realm.

Queen Victoria of England once kissed Mme. Melba, the famous opera singer, on both cheeks and told her: 'My dear, you are the queen of your realm, as I am of mine; only yours is the greater."-Boston Post.

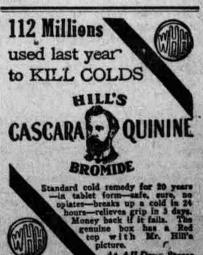
Little Pitchers. Small Brother-Mr. Jaggs, are you baseball player?

Caller-No, Willie. Small Brother-Then why did Sis tell ma you were such a good catch?

Until They're Pinched. "Why do autoists talk of taking a spin?" "Oh, that's because they go at

When you arrive at a man's price his train of thought takes an open switch.

top speed."



Coughs Grow Better